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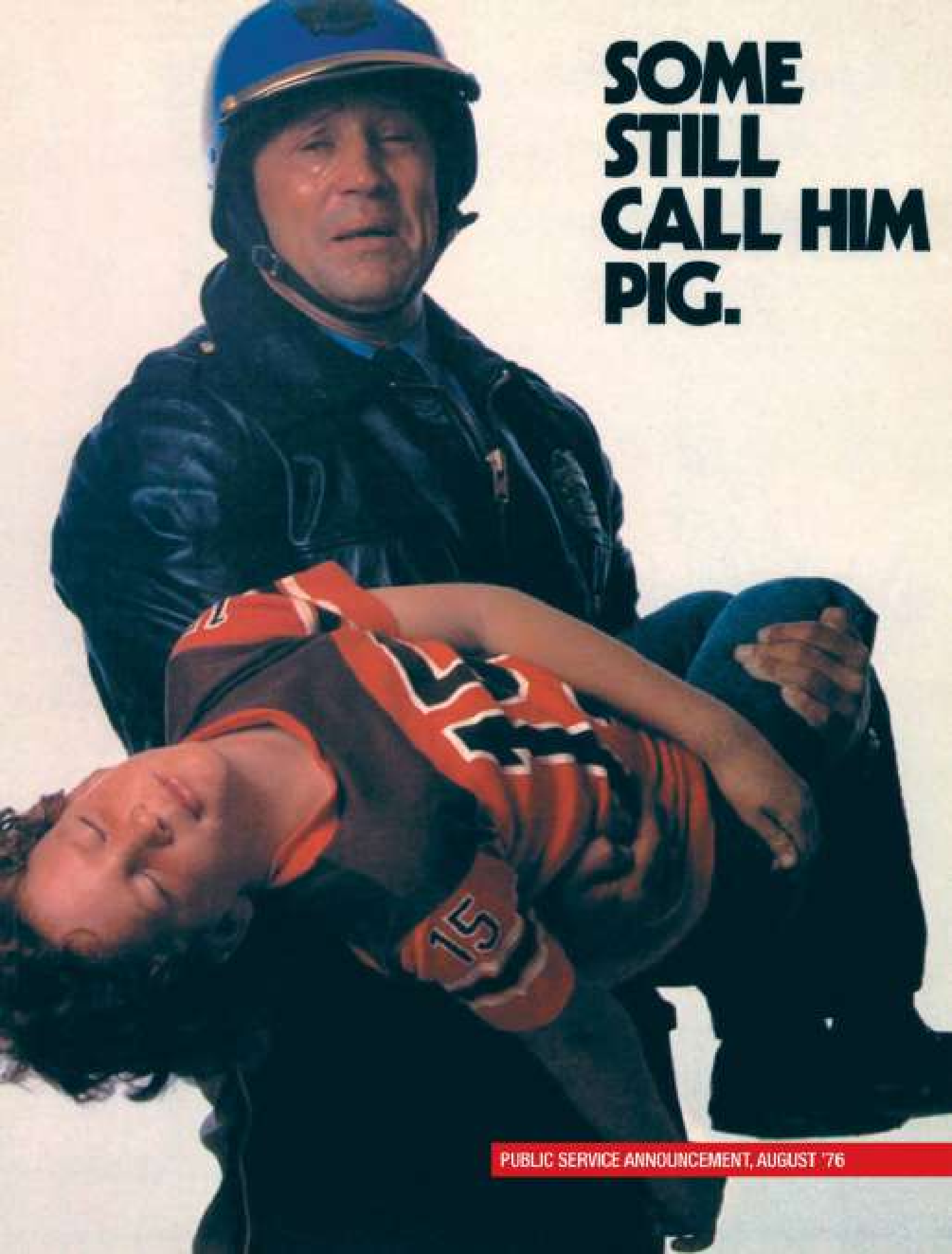
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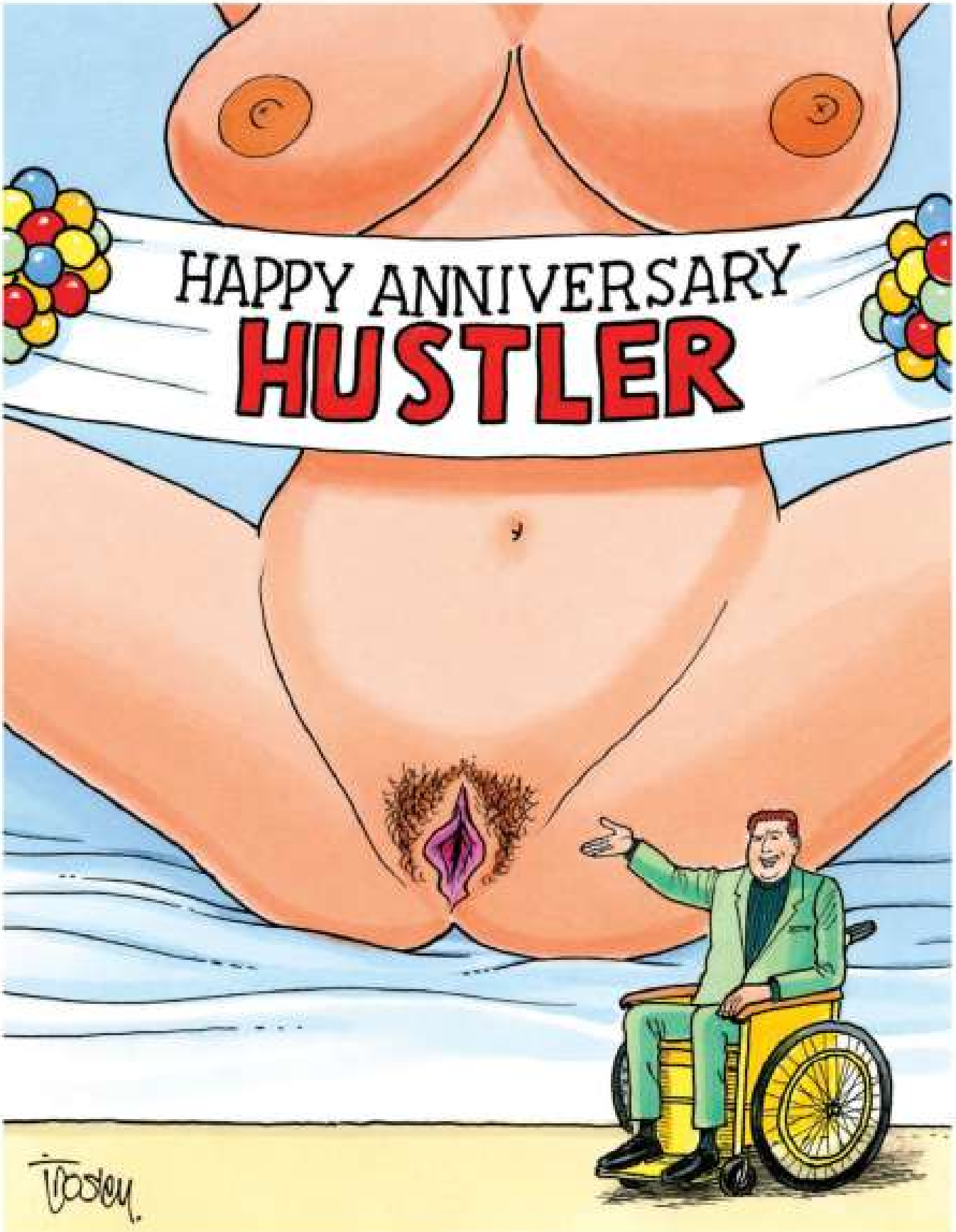

"It's not our silver anniversary. It's not our golden anniversary.
At HUSTLER it's always our *pink* anniversary!"

HUSTLER®

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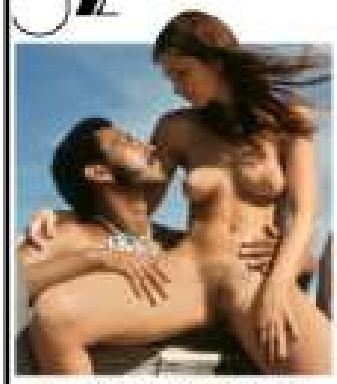

BUTCH & PEACHES
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VOL.42 NO.3 ANNIVERSARY 2015

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FOUR DECADES OF FREE SPEECH

With this issue, HUSTLER proudly celebrates 41 years as one of America's staunchest advocates of personal freedom, political integrity and unfettered free speech. Back in the '70s, when we started publishing, interracial relationships were taboo, gays were strictly closeted and women were just beginning to spy the glass ceiling. Undoubtedly, there has been a lot of progress in the past four decades, but in some ways our nation has moved backward. The military-industrial complex has grown into a ravenous monster, the middle class has been decimated while Wall Street flourishes, and our mainstream media is ever more consolidated and "embedded"—not only overseas with our military, but here at home as well.

While the mainstream media seems increasingly bent on circumscribing free speech, HUSTLER has pushed the boundaries in the opposite direction. We have regularly offended the high and mighty, the powerful and corrupt, the pompous and shameless, with uncompromising investigations and scathing satire. That's what the First Amendment protects—speech that rocks the boat and rattles the complacent.

Thomas Jefferson said, "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Of course, he meant publications that did not function as mere propaganda organs for secretive governments or advertising vehicles for greedy corporations.

With the NSA snooping illegally on our private communications, many among us may feel intimidated about expressing unpopular opinions. But we must resist self-censorship, which would inevitably pave the road leading to the loss of all of our freedoms.

Increasingly, it seems "politically incorrect" to speak the unvarnished truth on many subjects. But HUSTLER will never succumb to this timidity and self-censorship—too much is at stake, both for ourselves and future generations. Free speech is not just our constitutional right. If we are to save this democracy, it is an obligation that we all must uphold and practice in our daily lives.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

JEB BUSH'S DREAM
MY FATHER FUCKED UP THE ECONOMY!
MY BROTHER FUCKED UP THE ECONOMY!
I WANT TO FUCK UP THE ECONOMY!
BUSH
2016
TOOLEY.

WHAT A FRIGGIN' MEESE!

IF YOU CARRY THE CONSERVATIVE TORCH, BE PREPARED TO GET BURNED.

The 41st anniversary of HUSTLER as a controversial pornographic magazine is a fit occasion to evoke the memory of Edwin Meese III. As President Ronald Reagan's attorney general, Meese failed spectacularly in his effort to shut down the publication and others like it. But that setback wouldn't dampen his usefulness to reactionary causes.

From the war on porn through the war on Obamacare—and most recently the war on terror—Meese, now 83, has emerged as the Republican hack who best knows how to muddy the political waters. Back in the Reagan years, when HUSTLER was a precocious 11-year-old magazine leading the battle to appeal to our prurient interests, I covered the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography hearings for the *Los Angeles Times*. As Larry Flynt would often brag, "HUSTLER is the best magazine you can read with one hand." That does raise the risk of repetitive-stress injury. But as Bill Clinton's Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders once pointed out, masturbation represents a sexual alternative that can prevent sexually transmitted diseases and save lives.

Meese lost his war against porn, and as a result we didn't turn back the clock to the days when brilliant writers—including James Joyce, Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin and D.H. Lawrence—were banned in this country. But Meese was far more successful in another crusade, helping mask the Reagan Administration's violation of the law in the Iran-Contra scandal. That's good to remember right now because Congressional Republicans are blasting President Obama for his willingness to negotiate with Iran on that country's nuclear program.

Reagan had no qualms about illegally selling arms to Iran and using the proceeds to surreptitiously fund the right-wing Contra rebels in Nicaragua. That dubious achievement was complemented by Meese, leading the charge of the Reagan regime to ignore the growing AIDS epidemic and to block a ban on plastic guns that could fool metal detectors.

After his heady years in Washington, Meese returned to his native California, where he took refuge in the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. He was also named a Ronald Reagan Distinguished Fellow Emeritus at another conservative think tank, the Heritage Foundation, whose sister organization Heritage Action was a major player in a deceitful campaign to subvert the Affordable Care Act.

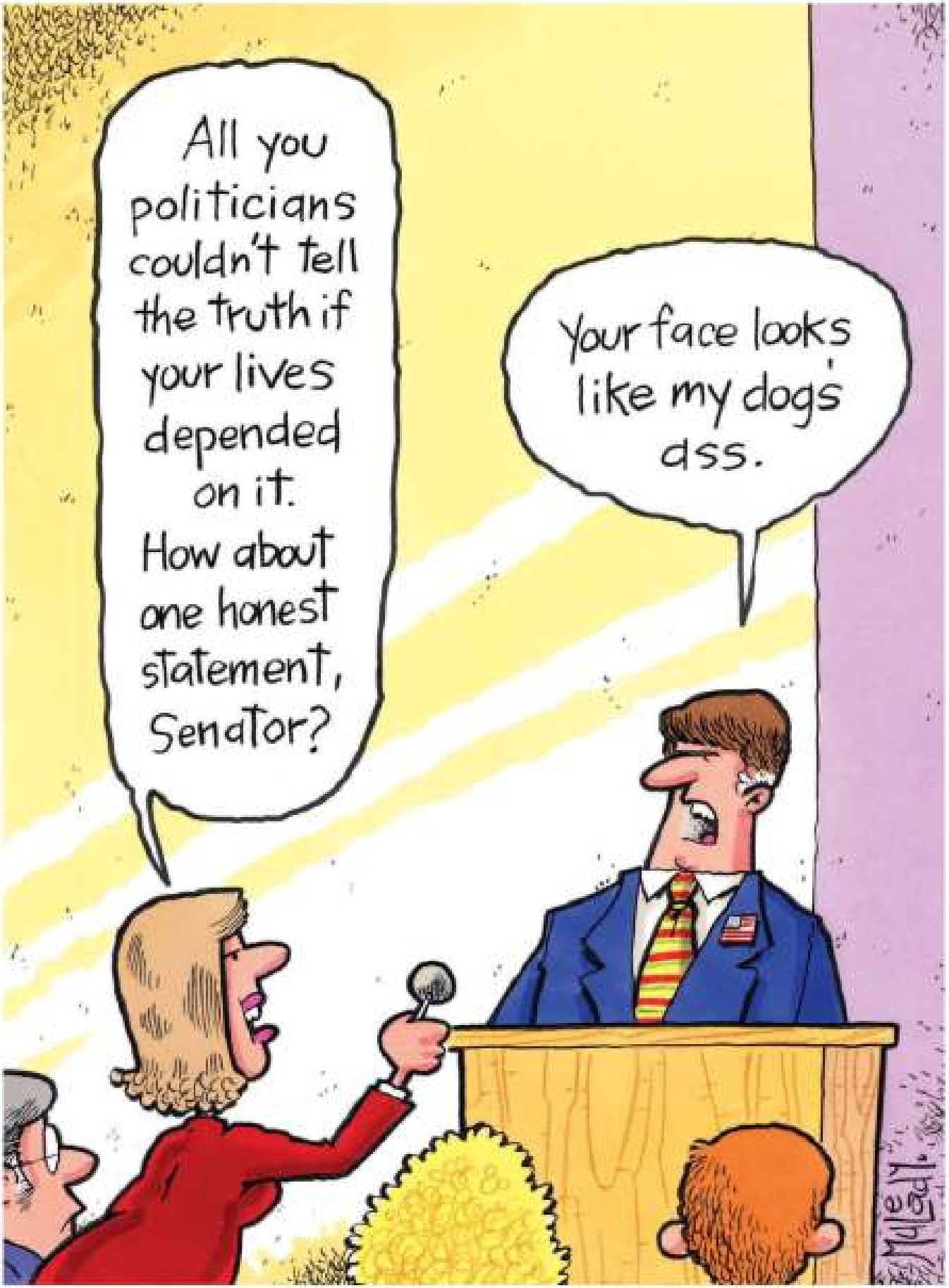
In 2013, Meese helped spearhead the effort, which was reportedly financed by the billionaire Koch brothers. Their "blueprint to defunding Obamacare" created gridlock in Congress and brought the federal government to a screeching halt in a futile attempt to kill the President's major overhaul of our healthcare system. Despite big-bucks opposition, Obamacare looks increasingly successful.

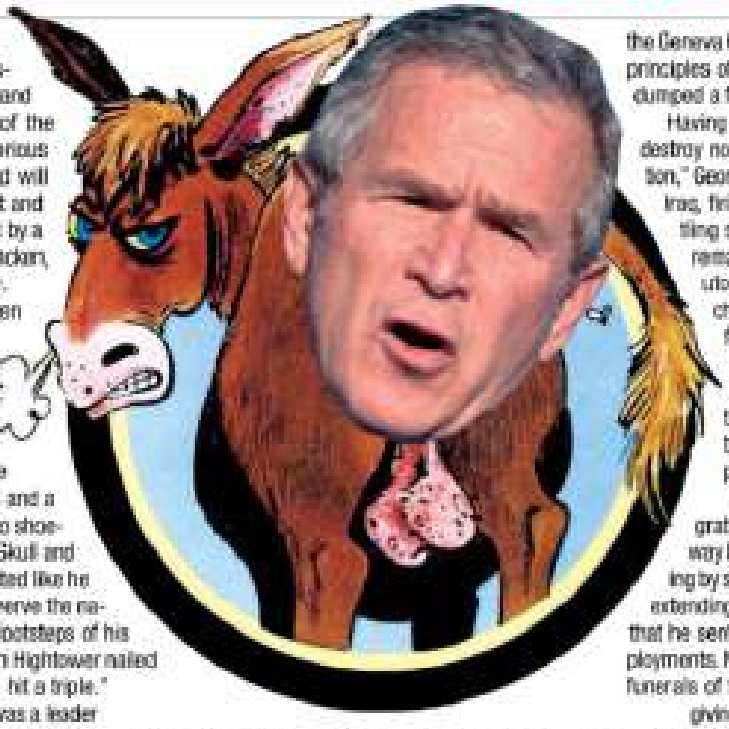
Meese racked up another glaring failure, but he wasn't sent out to pasture. In 2013, HUSTLER's old nemesis was appointed to a Congressionally authorized panel to review the FBI's implementation of recommendations made by the 9/11 Commission nine years earlier. Its voluminous report revealed the failures of the FBI and other intelligence agencies to anticipate the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, and there is nothing in the sanitized report compiled by Meese and his colleagues to ascertain that serious improvements have been made.

Released in March 2015, *The FBI: Protecting the Homeland in the 21st Century* is nothing but a shameful puff job that neglects to address what the extensive mining of personal information about American citizens and much of the world's population buys the Bureau and the U.S. government. Furthermore, the FBI report ignores the devastating conclusion of the President's bipartisan Intelligence Oversight Board: Mass surveillance of the American public has not produced one example of a thwarted terrorist attack.

But the enormous minutiae of data being collected—what movies we watch, books we read, our shopping and financial histories, as well as our emails, diaries and medical records—have vastly expanded the power of government as voyeur into every facet of our lives. With Edwin Meese III and like-minded "public servants" turning a blind eye, we are now governed by true Peeping Toms.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. *His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


All you politicians couldn't tell the truth if your lives depended on it. How about one honest statement, Senator?
Your face looks like my dogs' ass.
Mulleady



ASSHOLE OF THE CENTURY
GEORGE W. BUSH

As democracy is perfected, the office of President represents, more and more closely, the inner soul of the people. On some great and glorious day the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last and the White House will be adorned by a downright moron," wrote H.L. Mencken, the Sage of Baltimore, in 1920.

Eighty years later Mencken was proven right—George W. Bush, a downright moron, was seated in the Oval Office. Of course this ignorant, inarticulate, drunken coward did not actually win the 2000 election. His daddy's pals and a cabal of berserk warlords had to shoehorn him in. Still, the cheating Skull and Bones Bubble Boy promptly acted like he had a legitimate mandate to swerve the nation far right, following in the footsteps of his fascist-minded progenitors. Jim Hightower nailed it: "Born on third and thinks he hit a triple."

Grandfather Prescott Bush was a leader in the attempted fascist military coup against President Franklin Roosevelt, and in 1942 Prescott's Union Banking Corporation was seized under the Trading With the Enemy Act. In his groundbreaking book *Family of Secrets*, journalist Russ Baker exposed George H.W. "Poppy" Bush's carefully planned paper-trail alibi to conceal his presence in Dallas on the day of President Kennedy's assassination. Brothers Jeb and Neil Bush were kingpins in the 1980s Savings & Loan scandal that robbed taxpayers of millions. Quite a pedigree for the undeserving idiot who would do more to tarnish American democracy than any other chief executive, or outright traitor, in our history.

To evade military service in Vietnam, Dubya volunteered with the Texas Air National Guard and served in what was known as the "Champagne Division," but even that cushy assignment was too much work. He went AWOL for a whole year and suffered no consequences thanks to Poppy's powerful political connections. After spending the next 20 years as a drunken business failure repeatedly bailed out by Poppy's rich Saudi Arabian friends, George was elected (legitimately, it appears) Governor of Texas. At the time DNA evidence was just beginning to establish the innocence of many men on death row. But Dubya's conscience didn't lead him to slow the death train down—no, he set an all-time record of 152 state executions. As of this writing, that's also the exact number of death row inmates in America exonerated by DNA evidence.

Under his leadership, Texas became the most polluted state in the country, racking up eight number-one ratings. Now, as the devastating effects of global warming—prolonged droughts and increasingly destructive super storms—become more undeniable daily, we can also thank George for pulling the U.S. out of the Kyoto Protocol in 2001, thereby sabotaging the most important global effort to adapt to climate change.

In August of that same year, the lazy Shrub was busy setting another record down on his Crawford ranch—most vacation days, 1,020, taken by a modern American President—when an intelligence briefing warned him that "bin Laden was determined to strike in the U.S." He yawned and did nothing to increase national security until the Twin Towers and the Pentagon were struck only one month later.

It is now known that the Neocon warmongers who dominated his administration planned the illegal Iraq invasion before George ever took office—they only needed a "new Pearl Harbor" to launch their insane pilot to remake the whole Middle East by force of arms. Perle, Wolfowitz, Kristol and the rest of the Plan for a New American Century crowd were rebuffed by President Clinton, but they found a Howdy Doody sock puppet in George W. Bush. In an October 2002 speech, he lied to the nation that Sadam Hussein was threatening to bomb America with chemical and nuclear weapons delivered by drones. He allowed his Under Secretary of Defense, Douglas Feith, to concoct bogus "intelligence" that al-Qaeda was arm-in-arm with Sadam as a pretext for launching the preemptive invasion of Iraq—an illegal act ever since the Nuremberg trials condemned the Nazis for invading Poland.

After WWII, American military tribunals hanged Japanese soldiers for waterboarding our POWs, but Bush was happy to authorize this and other hideous abuses at Guantanamo, Abu Ghraib and CIA "black sites," where terrorist suspects, many of them completely innocent, were "renditioned" and secretly tortured by our allies, in violation of the Geneva Convention and the most fundamental principles of our republic. He might as well have dumped a fat stinking turd on the Constitution.

Having started a totally unnecessary war to destroy nonexistent "weapons of mass destruction," George then botched the reconstruction of Iraq, firing the whole Iraqi army and dismantling state enterprises in a failed effort to remake the country into a free-market utopia. The resulting unemployment, chaos and insurgency were responsible for thousands more American military casualties and Iraqi civilian deaths. The destructive legacy continues today, with 729 Iraqi civilians losing their lives to the endless violence this past March alone.

The chickenhawk then showed his gratitude for the men he sent into harm's way by slashing veterans' healthcare funding by several billion dollars, and even opposed extending the benefits to National Guardsmen that he sent on repeated, lethally dangerous deployments. Nor could he be bothered to attend any funerals of the returning war dead, all the while giving empty lip service honoring their sacrifices as his father's Carlyle Group and VP Cheney's Halliburton raked in billions in defense contract profits. Another casualty of his warmongering: the Fourth Amendment, after he instructed the NSA to secretly spy on our private communications.

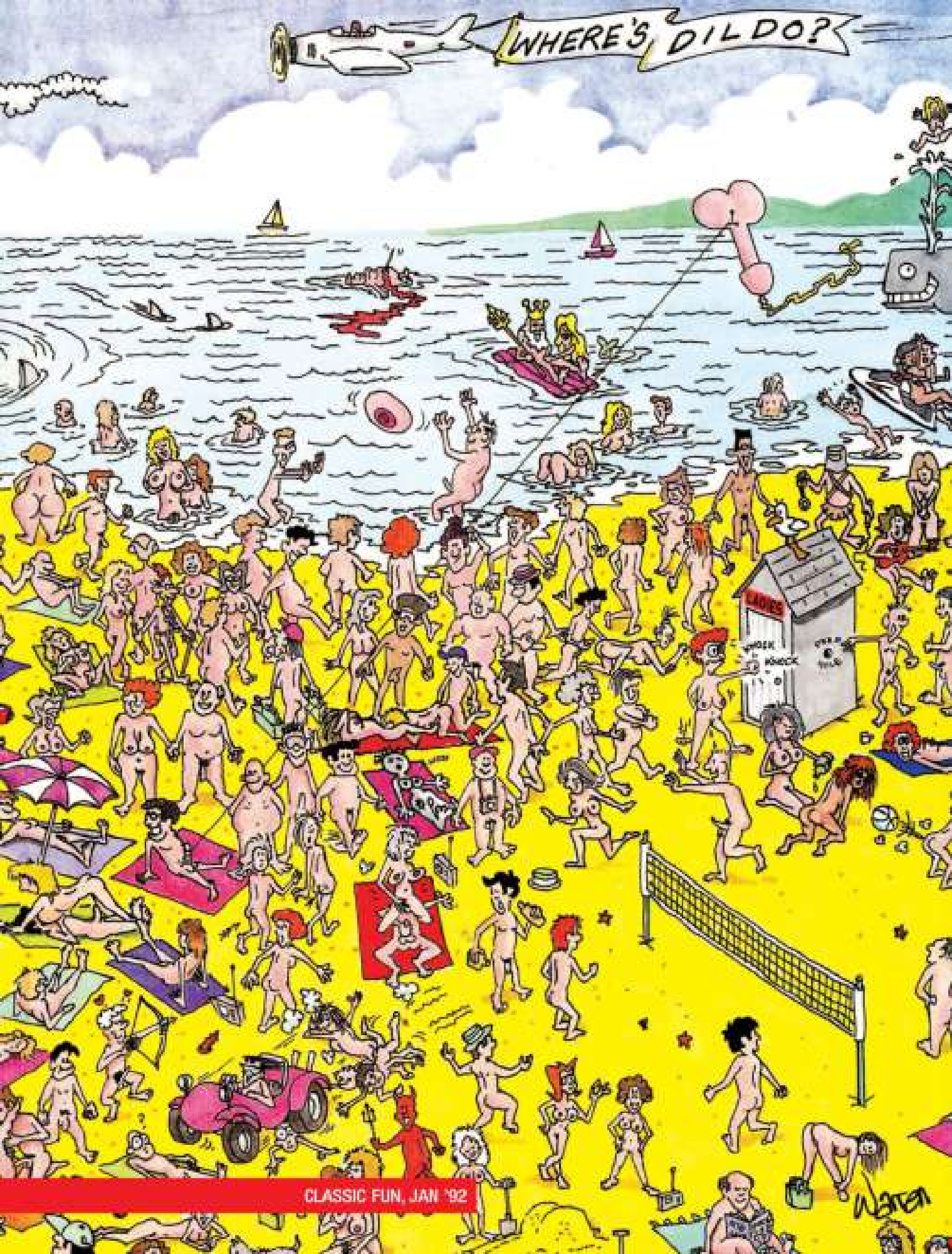
When Hurricane Katrina nearly destroyed New Orleans, Bush again sat on his complacent ass, commending his incompetent FEMA chief for doing "a heckuva job" even as no effective relief was organized for days, resulting in millions left homeless and the deaths of 1,833 Americans.

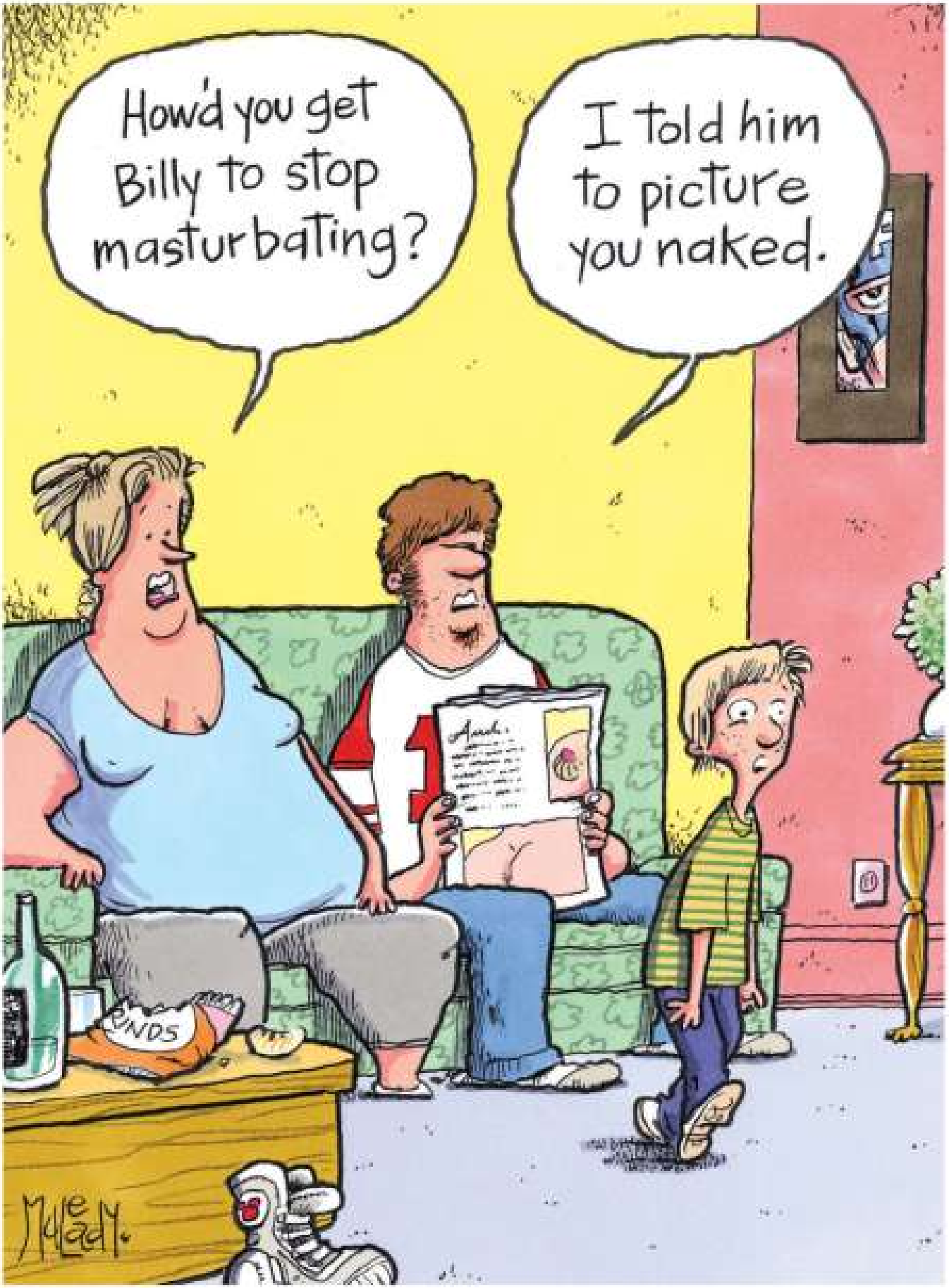
The rap sheet of this supremely callous bastard continues endlessly: ramping up the failed War on Drugs to incarcerate and destroy the lives of more victimless drug users, despite his own long history of substance abuse; exploding the national deficit by cutting taxes on millionaires; ending the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty and adopting a radical nuclear first-strike policy; cutting funding for the U.N.'s family planning programs as soaring world population threatens natural resources; cutting Pell Grants that enable poor students to attend college; gutting the DOJ's voting rights enforcement section; disemboweling Wall Street regulations, thus contributing to the 2008 economic implosion that destroyed 39% of middle-class wealth and increased the national poverty rate by 26%.

A Freudian slip in one of his embarrassingly mangled speeches sums it up: "Our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people, and neither do we."

Add up the toll of impoverished, evicted, orphaned, tortured, wrongly executed, diseased, maimed and killed as a direct result of Bush's policies, and he had better hope that his Christian faith is as false as his practice of it, because if there is truly a God in heaven and Devil in hell, it'll be a red-hot pitchfork waiting for this cold-blooded Asshole of the Century. H

Slit's up, Dildo Cravers!
Today I found a cock bite, a tuna melt and two dolphins fucking on an inflatable raft. But can you spot me?
—Dildo
WHERE'S DILDO
NUDE BEACH
TO:
DILDO STUFFERS,
NAKED BUNCH,
HOT AND WET


WHERE'S DILDO?


How'd you get Billy to stop masturbating?
I told him to picture you naked.
MacLeod

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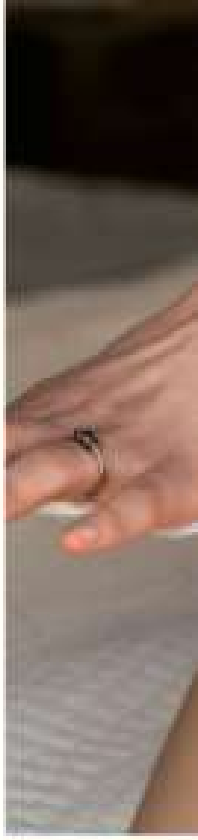
BREE
DANIELS
SMALL TOWN GIRL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I grew up in a small town, I don't even know how to describe it other than I've seen people drive their lawn mowers to the bar. No one there really knows what I do. When I was on the cover of HUSTLER ALL SEX, my best friend called me and said, 'Oh my God! I just saw you naked!' So that was interesting. But whatever. I'm not ashamed of what I do. I've always been into porn."



People see me and think girl-next-door, but I'm totally into hardcore music and sex. In my personal life, I'm very dirty sexually. I'm into she-males. I like drinking cum and sloppy creampies. Everything I do in porn, I enjoy doing. It's pretty awesome getting off for people. It makes me feel sexy. When I come on camera, I come for real."

BREE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Missoula, Montana** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Pressed up against a wall** | TWITTER: **@BreeDaniels1**

LARRY & ME

From Larry Flynt's religious conversion to his shooting in Georgia, a former editor gives us a behind-the-scenes look at HUSTLER Magazine.

BY BRUCE DAVID

It was the HUSTLER Christmas party, 1977, mere weeks before our move to Los Angeles. Finally, after two years in Columbus fucking Ohio and months of planning, the entire operation would be moved to a city that actually had a talent pool of writers, artists and editors to cull from. Of course I would have preferred New York City, but anything was better than Columbus fucking Ohio.

Larry, deep in the throes of his religious conversion at the hands of Ruth Carter Stapleton, was standing at the end of the room—a basement if I recall correctly—with the black activist comedian Dick Gregory and counterculture satirist Paul Krassner. I'd met Gregory a few weeks earlier; apparently Gregory was somehow connected to Larry's religious conversion. Krassner, however, was a surprise.

I had idolized the counterculture rebel even as a kid in high school, when I would take a bus into New York City to pick up the latest copy of *The Realist*, his satirical magazine. Later, when I was in college, as president of the philosophy club, I invited Paul to speak at my school. His talk—focused on obscenity and the First Amendment and laced with four-letter words—scandalized the very conservative teachers college I attended. I couldn't have been more pleased.

Standing there in the dimly lit basement, Larry made his tasteful announcement: He was, he told us, stepping away from the day-to-day running of the magazine to engage in a religious crusade with Dick Gregory. Larry's wife, Althea, would take over his duties, which now included the running of four magazines, HUSTLER, *Chic*, *Sex Play* and *Hustler Humor*. And—this was my personal shocker—Paul Krassner would take over the day-to-day chores of running HUSTLER.

WTF? That was my job! Paul was taking over for me!

The news about Larry stepping down was not well received by those present. He was the brains behind HUSTLER, the driving force. It was impossible to think of the magazine without thinking of its outspoken, controversial publisher. Without Larry, it seemed, there could be no HUSTLER.

Terms like "flipped his trolley" and "nutcase" were being whispered throughout the basement by people from every department. I was less than happy with the news, but given Larry's conversion, it made a certain kind of sense, especially in regard to Paul. Krassner had serious credibility with the political left. Surely some of that credibility would transfer to HUSTLER. If I had to be replaced by someone, I would have picked him myself. Larry might be crazy but he wasn't stupid.

Of course, all of this assumed there was still a place for me. Thankfully there was. Sort of.

The move to L.A. was made a few weeks later. Some flew to their new destination, and some, like me, drove. I made the trip in three days, settled into a cheap motel in Santa Monica, then headed for the 38th floor of the Twin Towers in Century City, where Flynt Publishing was ensconced. Within days of my arrival the politics of this new arrangement became apparent.

HUSTLER was still based in Ohio when Flynt set up a new magazine, *Chic*, at the L.A. office. While HUSTLER remained true to its blue-collar roots, *Chic*, in the hands of Jean-Louis Ginibre, was targeting the *Playboy* market. Ginibre came to us from France, where he had helped run a magazine called *Lui* (known as the French *Playboy*). Expectations for *Chic* were high; it was a beautifully produced magazine, but it was having trouble penetrating the market. Even worse, from Jean-Louis's perspective, it wasn't even close to outselling HUSTLER. Ginibre had nothing but contempt for HUSTLER and its "hayseed" editors.

None of this might have had an impact on me if it wasn't for what Larry did next. Under the new regime, I reported to Paul. Paul reported to Althea, as did Jean-Louis, who was in charge of all art direction for both *Chic* and HUSTLER. However, I had the power to veto Jean-Louis. Was that a prescription for conflict or what?

Jean-Louis was not content to just handle the art department. I had learned this months earlier, back in Columbus, when the Frenchman was flown in for a meeting with Larry, me and a few of my editors. Ginibre started telling me how to do coverlines for HUSTLER. Worse than that (from my point of view) was that his coverline for one particular article did not mean what he thought it meant. And no matter how I tried to explain it to him, he just didn't get it. So I finally turned to Larry and said, "English is his second language. He shouldn't be arguing in an area where I'm the one with the expertise." The look in Ginibre's eyes made it clear that I was now the enemy.

With Larry out of the office, Jean-Louis was coming after me. It wasn't exactly clear where Larry was or what he was up to, but vague stories filtered down to the staff that he planned to save the world. Under Larry's guidance, Christianity would be transformed into something less puritanical. HUSTLER itself would start printing excerpts from the Bible. A new political magazine would uncover corruption in government and reveal who really killed JFK. And that was just for starters.

There was a kind of mad, if risky genius to what Larry was doing. He wanted to make America a better place by using the First Amendment and his right to free speech to champion the people, in particular the working class. And he wanted to do this without embracing either the political left or right. He saw clearly that you could be pro-cop and antiwar without being Democrat or Republican. Brilliant!

The problem was that Larry was willing to risk his newfound empire to do this. "Jesus may have come into your life," his wife Althea told him, "but millions of dollars may leave it."

"THE SHOOTING OF LARRY FLYNT," SEPTEMBER '78

Meanwhile I had my own problems.

Using Paul as his foil, Jean-Louis began to poison the waters between us. This wasn't all that difficult, as Paul and I were also beginning to bump heads. For one example, he was taking credit for my ideas (such as the rabbit-on-the-cross Easter cover). For another, I was objecting to his editorial plans.

As our conflict heated up, staffers sought cover. Most went to the power position, backing Ginibre and Paul against me, since backing me would likely get them fired. That's what my secretary told me about her backstabbing after the dust had settled. True, there were some people in the building other than Paul and Jean-Louis who had it in for me, but I attribute that to the fact that I had hired a team of wild men who once got drunk enough in the Columbus HUSTLER offices to rip doors off of their hinges.

In the midst of all of this Larry was forced to take time out from his globe-hopping with Dick Gregory to go on trial for obscenity in Lawrenceville, Georgia. It was really some minor offense; the lawyers were not worried about the outcome. At the very worst it would be successfully reversed on appeal. But they weren't counting on the madman who shot Larry. Describing the moment he was hit by a sniper's bullet, Larry later told me, "I felt my legs melt."

Althea, naturally, raced to the Atlanta hospital where, frankly, my boss was expected to die. That's when Jean-Louis saw his opportunity. As I found out later, in a meeting with Krassner, Jean-Louis said, "When you have an abscessed tooth, the best thing you can do is pull it." Apparently I was the tooth. Paul fired me.

I was suddenly unemployed. The only other men's magazine of note in Los Angeles was *Playboy*'s fledgling *Oui* magazine, but I had burned that bridge early on by writing an *Asshole of the Month* in HUSTLER about Hugh Hefner's then girlfriend Barbi Benton. Here's a portion of it:

"*Playboy* specializes in smooth, seamless, sexless girls who never sweat, never suffer unseemly discharges and never have their faces marred by foreheads wrinkled in thought. Within this context Barbi is a natural; one can see simply by looking at her beautiful but vapid face that she has never been troubled by an attention span or a thought process." >>

BIBLICAL FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES BAES, MARCH '78

COVER IMAGE, APRIL '78

And that was the nice part.

The other men's magazines in L.A. were trash, nothing more than HUSTLER imitators—without the budget. Sitting in my rented Hollywood Hills home, it seemed I had run out of options.

I was on my sundeck overlooking Laurel Canyon when the phone rang. It was Althea calling from her bedside vigil in Atlanta. She wanted Paul and I to fly in to meet with her.

What happened in Atlanta is pretty much a blur. The first thing I clearly remember is Althea taking Paul and me in to see Larry. It was deeply disturbing. Here was this dynamic man, an almost unstoppable force a few days earlier, lying unconscious, with huge holes and tubes in his stomach, totally helpless as we stood over him. It seemed somehow wrong for us to be there, for us to see him in such a vulnerable state. But maybe that was the point.

Then came the kiss-and-make-up meeting. That took place in a private hospital conference room. It didn't take long. I wanted my job back, and Paul wasn't going to fight me on that. He'd leave that up to Jean-Louis.

The real battle came next.

Before Larry was shot, he had ordered a 12-page photo feature of Jesus Christ with Mary Magdalene that would culminate in a life-size foldout with Christ standing over a naked Mary, her legs spread wide. Did I say life-size? The damn thing folded out for a year, or so it seemed. At the time I had urged Larry to reconsider. "It will never get out on the newsstands," I said. "And if it does, there will be large crowds coming up here to hang us from the lampposts."

Except for Paul, everybody else agreed. But Larry was determined.

Now, however, with the shooting, all lines of credit had dried up. The magazine was overextended. We were in danger of bankruptcy despite our healthy sales. Although it was already at the printers, I urged Althea to stop the presses and pull the feature. So did Dick Gregory, who was also present, having flown in to be with Althea and Larry. But Paul, wouldn't you know it—the guy whose only commitment to the magazine and the staff was two months old—urged her to publish it, even knowing it would most likely put us out of business. As a defense he sputtered something about his asshole "Dadaist philosophy." For Paul it was all a game.

"Paul," I hissed, "there are people counting on us to protect their jobs. People who moved out here from Ohio. They've been with us from the beginning. Besides, you'll destroy everything Larry worked to build."

Of course it was Althea who had to make the call. Yet, at the moment I most needed her intelligence and strength, she faltered. If she had a weakness, it was her fierce loyalty to Larry. Althea was the only person Larry really trusted because he knew she would always do what he wanted. And he had wanted the damn thing published. You could see that she was caught between what she knew should be done and what Larry had told her to do.

Desperate, she turned to the balcony window where two pigeons were sitting on the railing. Still under the influence of Larry's religious conversion, seeking God's intervention, she said, "We'll let the pigeons decide." I wasn't sure I'd heard her correctly. Let the pigeons decide what? The fate of a multimillion-dollar publishing venture? Really? "If they move to the left," she continued, "we'll publish the photo set. If they move to the right, we won't."

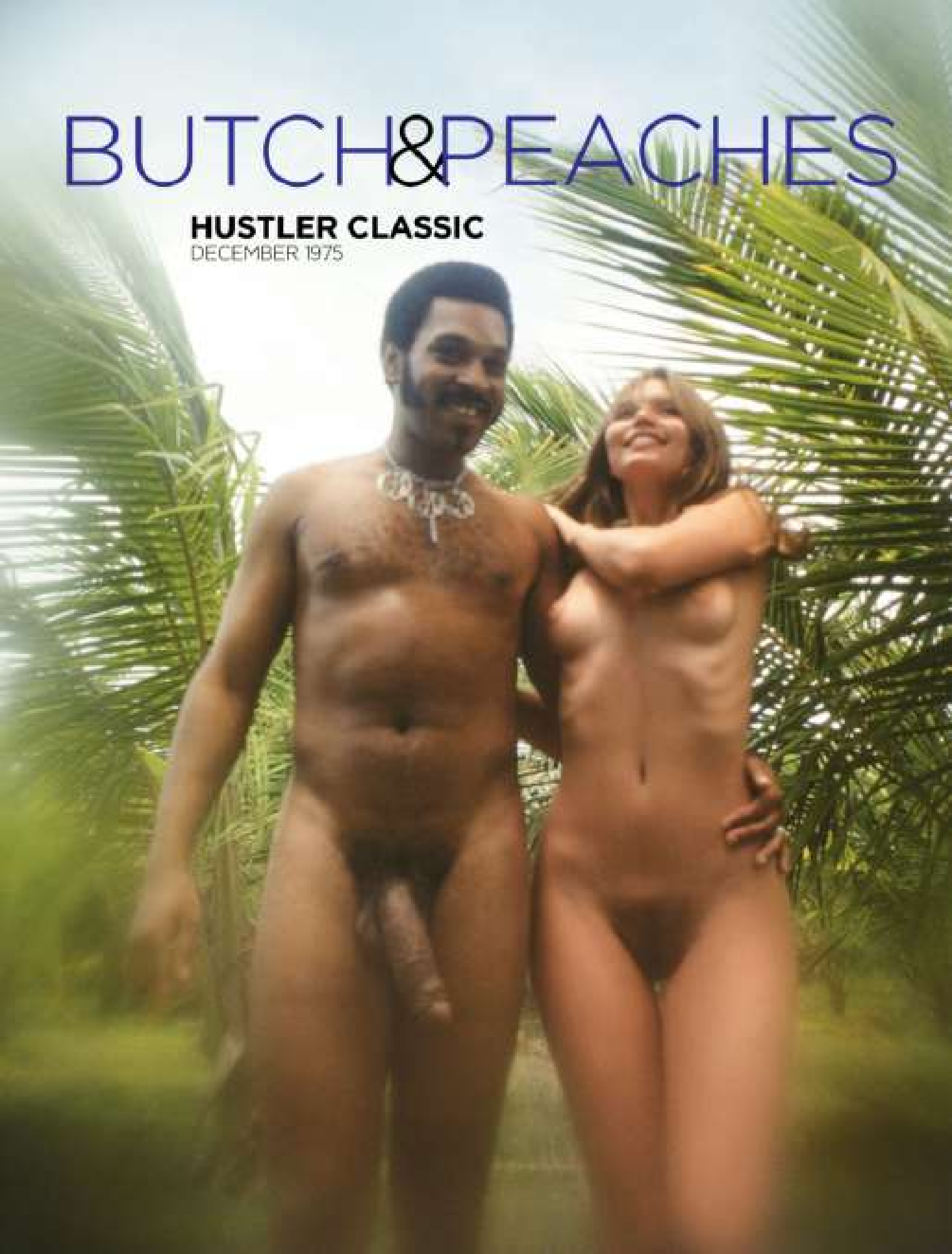
The room fell silent. All four of us were suddenly fixated on the damn pigeons. No one spoke a word. The seconds ticked by. Then, for no apparent reason, the pigeons moved to the right. HUSTLER Magazine was saved from bankruptcy by two scruffy Atlanta pigeons. H

"I can't take all the credit for HUSTLER Magazine's success. God created pussy. I just showed the world what it looks like."

BUTCH & PEACHES

HUSTLER CLASSIC

DECEMBER 1975



From the beginning, I have refused to compromise my editorial content for anyone, other than my readers," Larry Flynt wrote in HUSTLER's December '75 *Publisher's Statement*, explaining the necessity of a price increase if the magazine was to survive the loss of "advertisers, retailers, wholesalers or any other would-be censor." That same issue included this groundbreaking interracial layout.

I knew that the December issue of HUSTLER, featuring Butch and Peaches—a black guy and a white girl—was a revolutionary step which would no doubt rile the censors somewhat, but I never dreamed that every bigot and his brother would go ape shit. ... But despite the many hate letters, we get a hundred letters of support for every one of them. ... HUSTLER will continue to pioneer the horizons of sexual freedom in search of total liberation."

—Larry Flynt, *Publisher's Statement*, February '76

On March 6, 1978, a white supremacist outraged over the photos attempted to assassinate Mr. Flynt. "I saw that interracial couple he had photographed there, having sex. It just made me sick. I think whites marry with whites, blacks with blacks, Indians with Indians, Orientals with Orientals. I threw the magazine down and thought, *I'm gonna kill that guy*," Joseph Paul Franklin, convicted serial killer, told CNN in November 2013. The shooting left Mr. Flynt in a wheelchair.

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SEX IS FREE...

WE SELL THE ACCESSORIES.

HUSTLERHOLLYWOOD.COM

"It's settled then. Our strategy is to let Hillary win the 2016 Presidential election so the White House can air out the nigger stink for four years."

RED-HOT SCARLET

INTERVIEW BY
ALEX RENTON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WILFERD GUENTHOER

Sex, roller-skating, playing with her pup, sex, gaming, flashing nerds and more sex. Just try to keep up with a day in the life of superhot Scarlet Red. We visit our 40th Anniversary Covergirl one year later and have more fun than we've had in, well, a year.

HUSTLER: Good morning! I see you're just getting up. So how many times have you masturbated this morning?
SCARLET RED: Just once. I did have to masturbate before bed to get a good night's sleep, and then I woke up and masturbated just a little. A quickie, you know.
I beat you. I did it four times.
You did! Okay, well, *snap*! Maybe guys need it more? I don't know. Maybe that's why girls' orgasms last longer.
I guess. You see, men wake up with morning wood, so we have to take care of it. What's the female equivalent?
Morning wetness? Morning moist! Like the moist dew you see on grass. No, morning *water*!
So to start your day, what's the first thing you do *after* you masturbate?
I do a little stretching, some yoga workouts. Then I jump in the shower, maybe give myself another rubdown in there, get a little hot and steamy. I like using the showerhead—I like using it forcefully.
Nice! Scarlet, I see you have a dog. What's your morning routine with the pup?
Her name is Monroe. She's a wiener dog!
Of course.
I take her out. She does her business outside, and then she runs around. We do a little playing on the ground. We play with her toys, and I give her loving. Kind of just have a little cuddle moment.
Now, you're a porn star, so I'm assuming you have sex toys. Does your dog have dog sex toys?
Not that I'm aware of. She likes to lick. She does a lot of licking.

Well, if I could reach down there…
Right!
So what's next? What do you do for fun on your free days?
Go outside, enjoy the world! >>

With that we're off to Santa Monica Beach. There Scarlet enjoys a jaunt on roller skates. I don't own a pair and have the coordination of a drunk on New Year's, so I decide to let her do most of the rolling and skating. I, like many of the beach bums, just enjoy the view of Scarlet in short shorts.

SCARLET RED: I like to skate near the beach and go on the boardwalk. I just, kind of like, shake my booty and have fun!

HUSTLER: Do you know what the hardest part is about roller-skating?

What?

Telling your parents you're gay.

But I am gay and they know that! My parents are hippies. They like it. I'm pretty bi. I love girls!

Have you ever had sex on roller skates? I would imagine it might be difficult to maintain your balance.

I actually have! It was with a college friend. She and I both bought the roller skates together, and then we skated around on this parking lot that was empty. We starting fingering each other and rubbing each other out, and it was really fun!

While roller-skating? Sounds dangerous.

Yeah, it was for First Time Video Girls. But we were actually college friends, and she got me into the industry. It was one of the first scenes I ever did.

Were you wearing protection?

No! We fell a lot.

No helmets or kneepads during this?

No. We're bad!

That sounds incredibly dangerous, readers. I do not recommend trying that if you're not wearing a helmet because you could be injured.

It's a thrill!

I think sometimes you go too far for your thrills, Scarlet.

I like to live on the edge.

Not a good role model. You know, I did it on a Segway once.

Oh, that's totally safe.

It was on the deck of a cruise ship, so yeah, it was a little dangerous.

There were sharks all around you and all that?

No, but there were a lot of old people. Have you been roller-skating your whole life?

I actually just started over a year ago. I'm not that great, but I'd like to get better at it.

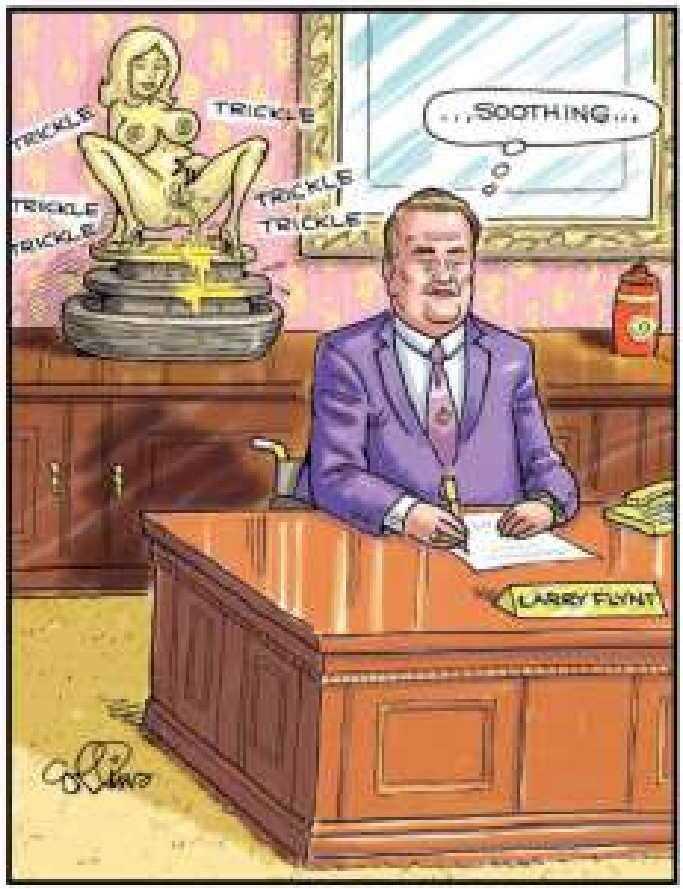
You seem to be living the life of Riley. Just hanging out with your dog, roller-skating, having fun. Do you do any work?

I work! I still do my thing. I'm launching a new website called **ScarletRedXXX.com**, so I have a lot of content rolling out. I've done a movie with Stormy Daniels, and I'm working with Marc Dorcel in Europe. So I'm really excited, I have a lot of stuff coming up for me. *Psh*, don't tell me I don't work!

When you are working, what are your favorite types of scenes and positions?

Missionary and doggy-style are my favorite positions. Also, I like to create scenes that are passionate, a lot of kissing, soft and romantic. I love to be in features with lots of dialogue and beauty montages. I'm currently in a huge girl/girl fad! [Wink.]

Are you more of a cuddler after sex, or do you just go to sleep after being taken care of?
I'm a cuddler after sex.
It was exactly one year ago that Mr. Flynt selected you for the cover of our 40th Anniversary Issue. What was that like?
Being on the cover of HUSTLER's 40th Anniversary issue was such an honor—and rewarding. I feel like I'm a part of the HUSTLER family!
You are! True confession, you're like one of Mr. Flynt's favorites. So you mentioned being from Colorado earlier. Have you ever had sex in the snow?
Yes, and it was flippin' cold!
What's one thing you wish your fans knew about you that you think would really turn them on?
I like to clean my home *only* wearing gloves! [*Wink.*] Or, just simply, I like to clean my home naked!
And how do you close out a fun day?
I'm kind of a nerd, and I like to get my game on! I like to have some nice junk food and some nice drinks and play some games and hopefully kill some alien butt and stuff.
So you like to get high?
Yes, but—
Oh, you're talking about Dave & Buster's?
Yeah!
I thought you were talking about dropping acid.
No! I'm a good girl, remember?
I don't remember that at all, Ms. Red. I do remember you living dangerously. >>



After roller-skating our way out of a public nudity fine, we head over to one of the most fun places on Earth. No, not Disneyland. Dave & Buster's! Apparently Scarlet enjoys coming for the games and playing them as well.

HUSTLER: So what do you like to do at Dave & Buster's? What's your favorite game?
SCARLET RED: I like a lot of games. I'm pretty good at Skee-Ball. I like to shoot anything, so I like the ones with the guns. And I also like the water-skiing games.
So is that a watersports thing?
Nooo! Water-skiing or jet skis!
No pee games then. Have you ever done anything naughty at Dave & Buster's?
Hmm... I'm thinking about it. I'm thinking about how I could do it without anybody seeing me. Giving nerds wood, getting them really hard.
I feel like I could probably beat you at air hockey.
You think so? I don't know.
Pretty sure.
We'll see. I got my work cut out for me.

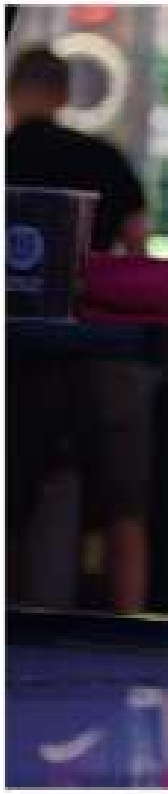
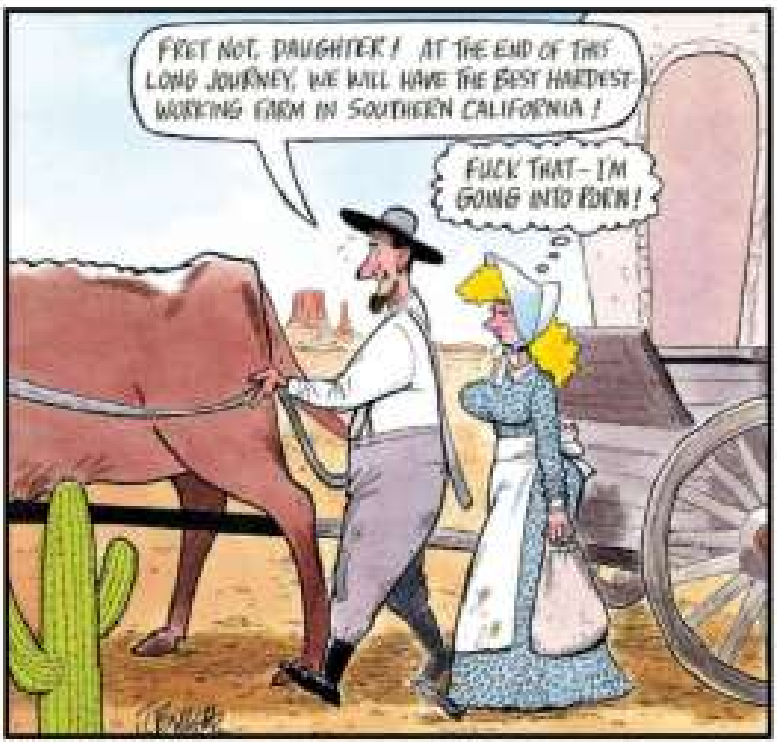


PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

I get a little competitive with Scarlet and pretty much destroy her in every game *except* air hockey. I think the table's rigged, but whatever, you can't win them all. We close out the evening with some boneless wings and some actual boning. Scarlet may not confirm this story, but that's a classic Scarlet Red good-girl-in-bad-girl's-body move. H


FRET NOT, DAUGHTER! AT THE END OF THIS LONG JOURNEY, WE WILL HAVE THE BEST HARDEST WORKING FARM IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!
FUCK THAT - I'M GOING INTO EDEN!

ANNELI
&LOLA
PUSSY THERAPY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RWD LTD. & CR INC.

Prague is a wonderful, wonderful city! It has the best beer and the hottest girls! Sexually, it's a pretty open place. Still, you should have seen the look on the hotel clerk's face when I checked in with Lola and asked for one king-size bed. But I just smiled till he stopped stuttering and handed me a key card. I've never had trouble saying or getting what I want."

—Anneli

Sure, I let her pick me up. My dickhead boyfriend had just cheated on me—with my twat sister! I went to that pub looking to fuck. Three drinks later Anneli was talking me up, undressing me with her eyes. Fifteen minutes after that we had a room and we were naked. She surprised the hell out of me when she pulled a dildo out of her purse!" —Lola

ANNELI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Prague, Czech Republic** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**

LOLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Breclav, Czech Republic** | AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

"Sure, what we just did was perverted, immoral and disgusting.
Could that be why you just came, what was it, five or six times?"

41ST ANNIVERSARY ALTERNATE COVER, BY JOHN EMSLIE

MADI
MEADOWS
SUGAR BABY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

I love being naked and fucking outdoors—just not fucking in water. I tried! I lost my virginity in a pool to my best friend's brother and then had sex with him again in a Jacuzzi. He told me we'd be more relaxed in water, but the whole time I was worried about drowning. Luckily, I'm perfectly wet on dry land."

Right now I'm modeling as much as possible so I can buy my dream car, a Lexus LFA. But I'll take a Porsche Panamera for my everyday needs. :) I'm picky with guys, so I can't even begin to describe my type. Still, if you're into a sugar daddy/sugar baby relationship, hey, you found your girl."

MADI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Glendora, California** | AGE: **18** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-26-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@TasteOfHoneyX**

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HUSTLER HUMOR

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *tornado* as: **Mother Nature giving head.**

An old man was driving down the highway when a motorcycle cop pulled him over.

"Was I speeding, Officer?" the geezer asked.

"No, sir, you weren't," the policeman answered.

"Then why did you stop me?" the old fart appealed.

"Because your wife fell out of your car a few miles back," the concerned officer informed him.

"Thank God," the geriatric driver exhaled. "I thought I was going deaf."

Herb sat glumly all evening, eyeing his wife suspiciously. Finally he blurted out, "Blanche, admit it. You've been sucking off the damn dog!"

"What?" she shouted. "How can you say such a thing?"

"I've been watching you two," Herb answered. "Every time you yawn, he gets a hard-on."

Question: **Why does Laura Bush always get on top?**

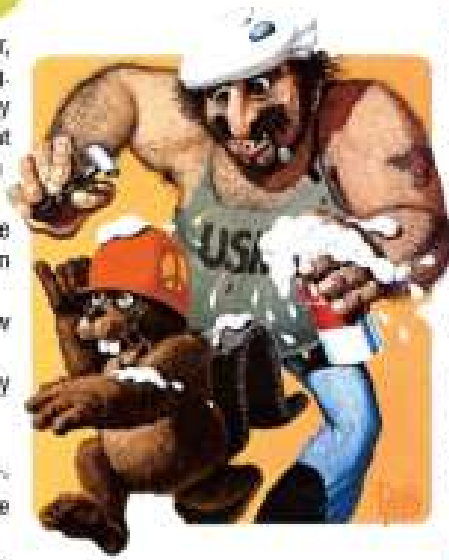
Answer: **Because George W. can only fuck up.**

Dale noticed a male coworker, Arthur, wearing an earring. Arthur had a reputation as an unusually conservative fellow; so the adornment was surprising. "I didn't know you were into earrings," Dale said.

"Don't make such a big deal of it," the stodgy man snapped. "Hell, it's only an earring."

Dale persisted. "No, come on. How long have you been wearing one?"

Arthur's jaw clenched. "Ever since my wife found it in our bed."



Father Patrick invited a pretty young lady working at the hotel desk to his room for dinner when her shift was over. Soon the horny priest was groping the girl.

"Father, please!" the desk clerk protested. "You're a holy man!"

"It's okay," the priest assured her. "It's written in the Bible." The girl relented, and the couple banged the whole night.

The next morning the tired clerk asked, "Father? Could I see the Bible passage you mentioned last night?"

Father Patrick found the King James edition in the dresser and pointed to the inside front cover, where somebody had scrawled in pencil, "The girl at the desk puts out."

A man walked into a bar in West Virginia and ordered a root beer. Joe the bartender eyed him suspiciously.

"You ain't from around these parts, are you, boy?"

"I'm from Ohio," the traveler replied.

"What line of work are you in?"

"I'm a taxidermist."

"A taxidermist? What the hell is that?"

"I mount dead animals."

Joe smiled. "It's okay, boys," the barkeep shouted out to the darkened tavern. "He's one of us!"

A 24-year-old lipstick lesbian went to the gynecologist. She sat in the stirrups, flaunting her rosy, whistle-clean quim. "Young lady," exclaimed the appreciative doctor, "you certainly have the cleanest vagina I've ever examined."

"Thanks," said the dyke. "I have a woman in to clean four times a week."

Nick had a black eye when he boarded a plane bound for Pittsburgh. He noticed that the guy next to him also had a black eye. Taken aback, Nick said, "Hey, this is a coincidence. Mind if I ask how you got yours?"

His companion shook his head. "Just a silly Freudian slip. See, the ticket agent had these enormous boobs. Instead of asking for a ticket to Pittsburgh, I said, 'I'd like a ticket to Titsburgh.' *Pow!* She socked me."

"Mine was a Freudian slip too," said Nick. "I was at the breakfast table, and I wanted to say to my wife, 'Please pour me a bowl of Wheaties.' But I accidentally said, 'You ruined my life, you fucking bitch.'"

...and if you think that's funny...

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN REPUBLICANS WEREN'T A BUNCH OF "CRAZIES" AND WOULD WORK WITH THE DEMOCRATS TO GET SHIT DONE.
DAMN, CHARLEY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THAT FUCKIN' OLD!
WINNERT

41ST ANNIVERSARY ALTERNATE COVER, BY JOHN EMSLIE

COVER, JULY '84

PHOTO BY
JOHN EMSLIE

TRULY OBSCENE

BY TRAVIS KELLY

For 41 years HUSTLER has been a stalwart defender of free speech, unabashedly exposing not only the erotic beauty of the human body, but also the darker corners and discomfiting truths in our society. We have often been criticized, and prosecuted, for the uncompromising graphic displays in our pages. But sometimes it takes shock to peel back the layers of polite obfuscation and evasion around "sensitive" subjects.

In "HUSTLER's Guide to VD" (December '76 and October '82), we detailed the ravages of untreated venereal diseases—not only in words, but with explicit photos that could leave no reader nonchalant about the risks of unprotected sex. In '78 we surveyed the prevalence of torture around the world—in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Latin America and, sad to say, the United States. We have reported on teen pregnancy, suicide, AIDS and the hypocrisy of the U.S. war on some drugs but legal tolerance for one of the most insidious: tobacco.

HUSTLER has never shied from showing the gruesome results of often barbaric U.S. actions overseas—such as the January '77 photo spread depicting the burned, decapitated, mutilated bodies of soldiers and civilians killed in Vietnam. While Larry Flynt was being indicted and harassed from Ohio to Georgia for the "obscenity" of depicting naked human bodies in the act of lovemaking, he pointedly asked, "Who has been indicted for the obscenity of the Vietnam War?" and defended the decision to "offend" the public with the naked truth about war: "I don't know of any other way to illustrate the lopsided value system in America today. It seems to be a value system in which death, violence and war are awarded government sanction, while positive, life-oriented, human responses are officially censored."

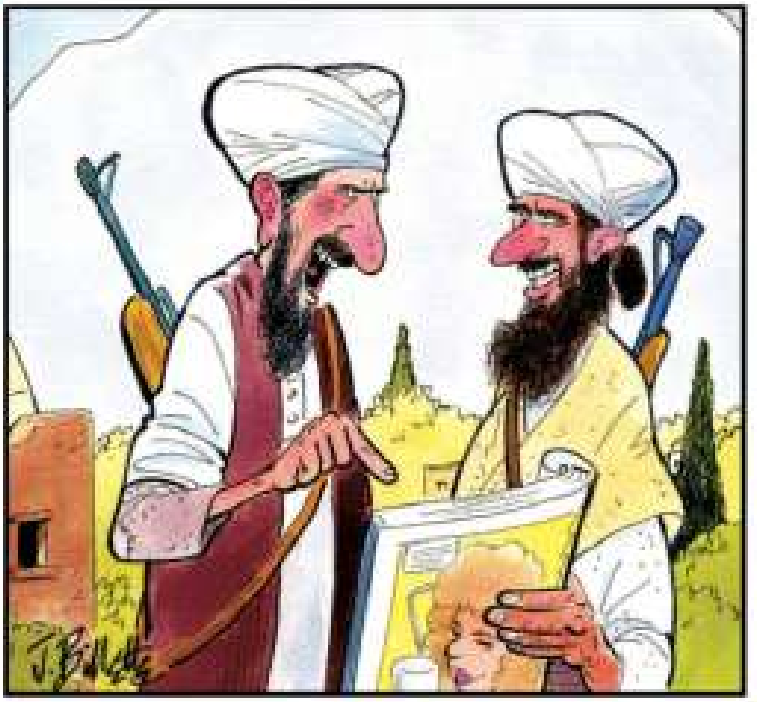
No doubt our country has made progress in the last four decades. It is no longer acceptable for politicians, college fraternities or sports team owners to make offensive, racist statements and get away with it. The taboo against interracial sex and marriage has mostly been abolished. And some form of marijuana usage is now legal in 23 states.

However, the current zeitgeist in America—a creeping police state that has virtually abolished the Fourth Amendment protections against unreasonable searches and seizures, and a military-industrial complex run amok—proves that the battles for peace, justice and true freedom are never completely won. The assholes of the world are always coming back with a vengeance. These battles require eternal vigilance and, yes, publications like HUSTLER, proudly unafraid to disturb our complacency, show us the unadulterated truth and end tolerance for the intolerable.

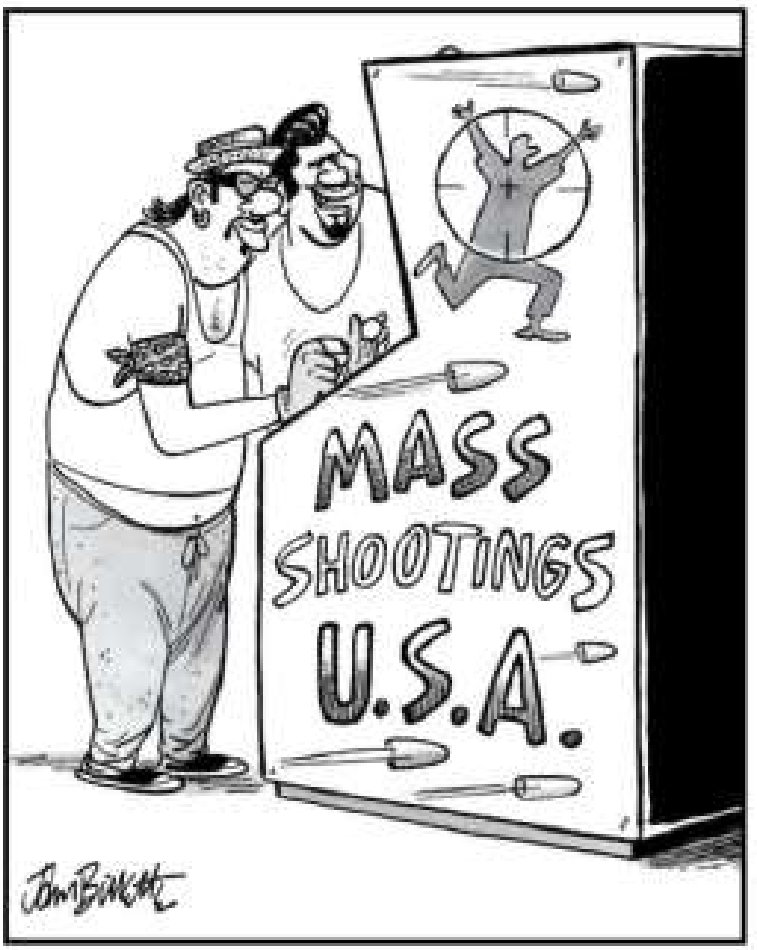
"WHAT'S MORE OBSCENE, **SEX OR WAR?**"
—LARRY FLYNT

"TORTURE" FEATURE ILLUSTRATION, MAY '78

LFP'S *L.A. FREE PRESS* COVER ART, FEBRUARY '78



"The cartoon by this artist is very funny, yet full of the truth about us... We need to kill him!"



"Quick, get that old lady hiding behind the mailbox!"

BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT

Drugs Are for Losers

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT, MARCH '85

"As a good Christian, firearms owner, confirmed bigot and fag hater, I always vote a straight Republican ticket. Republican candidates care about the *real* America!"

LARRY FLYNT'S

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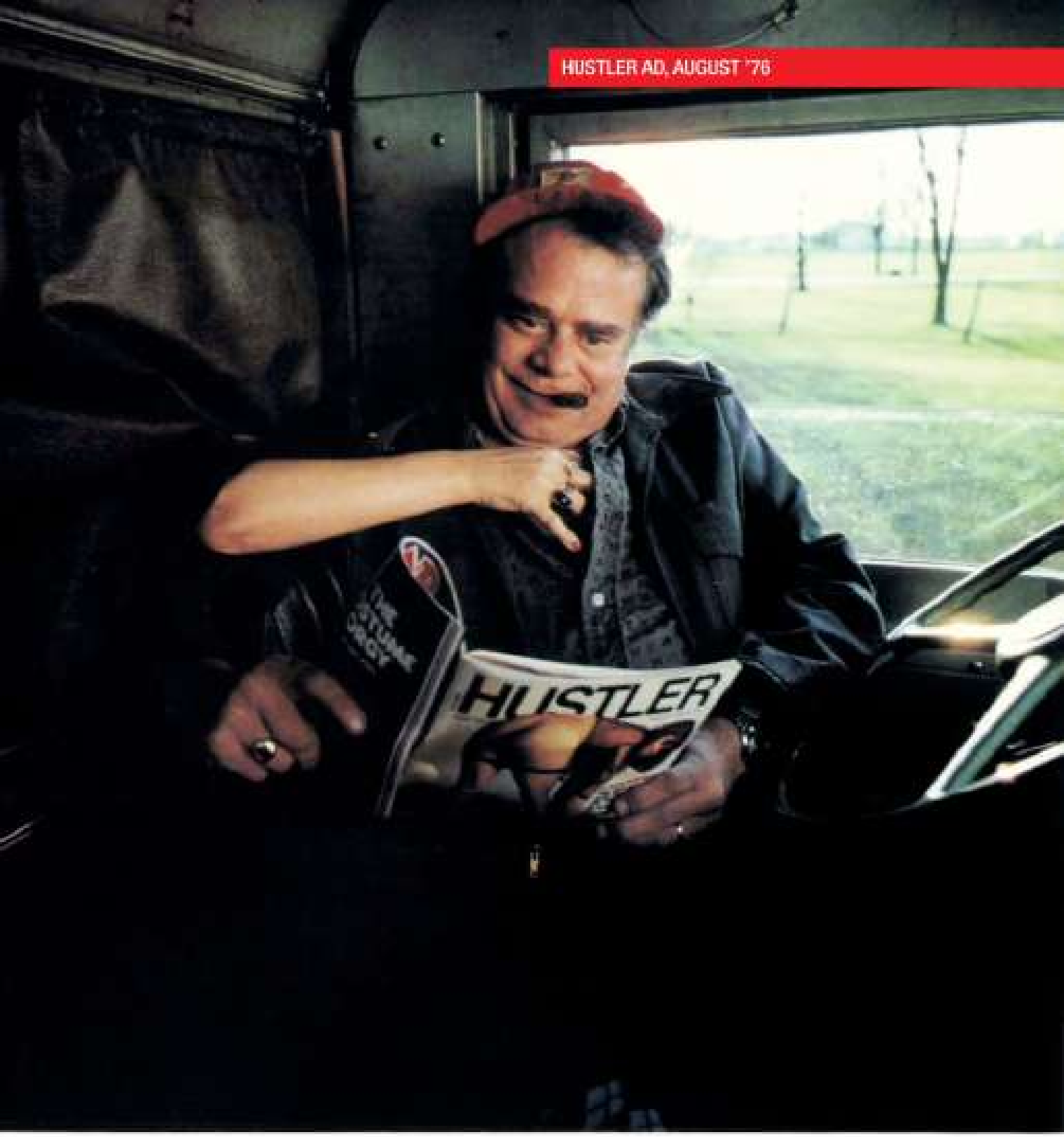
HUSTLER AD, AUGUST '76



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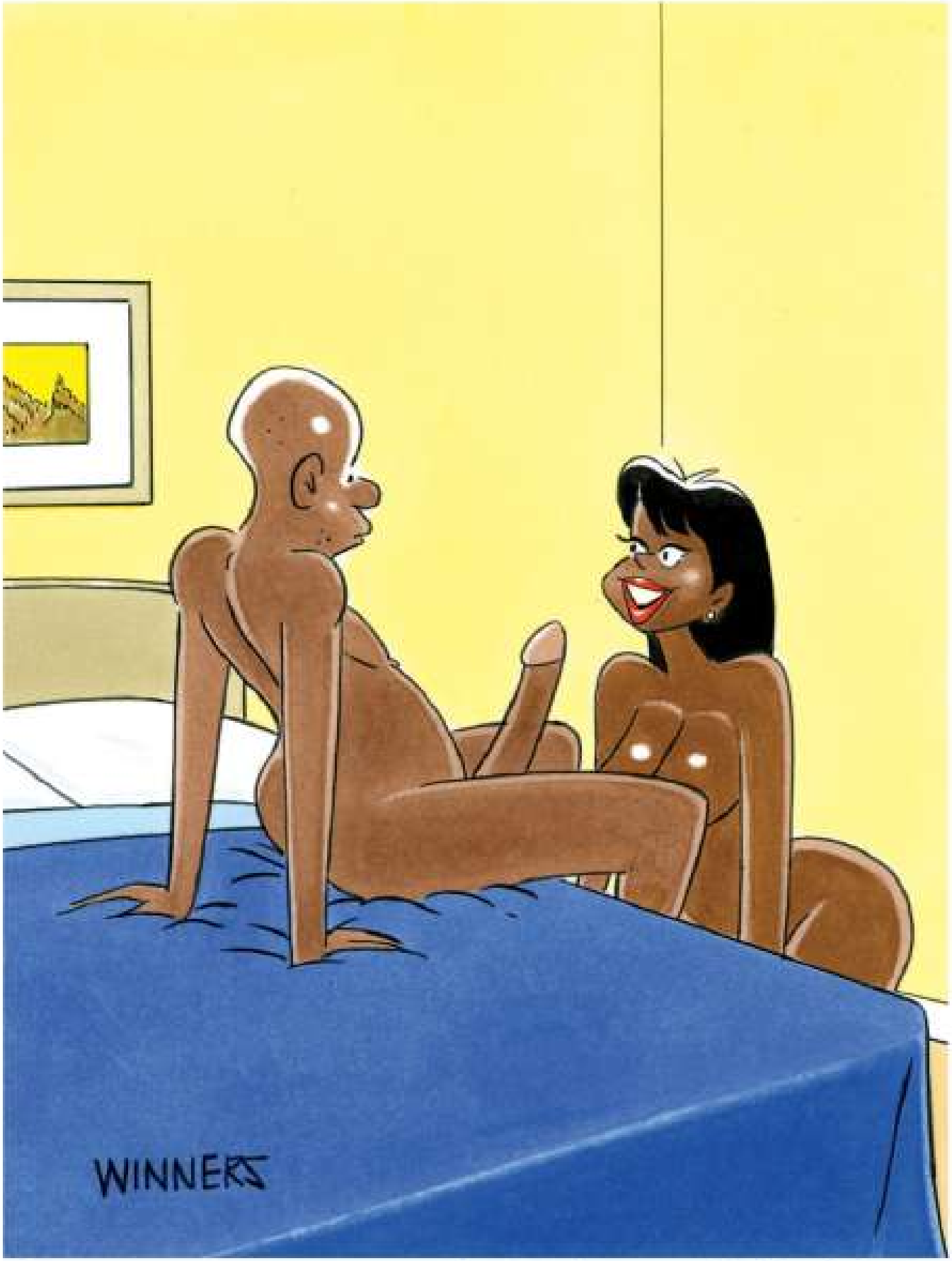

"Are you *sure* I've never given you a blowjob before? Your dick looks familiar."

ALEXIS TEXAS
July '09

A STAR IS BORN

TODAY'S HOTTEST, TOP-SEARCHED PORN STARS IN THEIR VERY FIRST HUSTLER LAYOUTS

SUNNY LEONE
Holiday '01

LITTLE CAPRICE
October '11

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BEAVER HUNT

TOP 25 BEAVERS OF THE DECADE

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

Since the Bicentennial Year, HUSTLER has popularized a synonym for vagina with the world's most famous amateur coozefest. Here's a look back at more than two dozen standouts from the past ten years. Have we discovered the best nookie in your neighborhood?

ALEX

ISSUE: **November '14**
HOMETOWN: **Walnut Creek, California**
OCCUPATION: **Aspiring model**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I'm down to try anything if it makes my kitty purr."**

NATILY TAYLOR

HOMETOWN: **Truckee, California**
OCCUPATION: **Waitress**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I love playing with other girls, I give the greatest head around, and I'm always ready to show off my fabulous body and cute butt."**

MIKAYLA LEE

ISSUE: **April '07** | HOMETOWN: **San Angelo, Texas**
OCCUPATION: **Aspiring model**
READER RAVE: **"The most beautiful women come from Texas, and Mikayla Lee sure represents the Lone Star State well."**

MARIA

ISSUE: **September '09** | HOMETOWN: **O'Fallon, Missouri**
OCCUPATION: **Aspiring model**
NAKED TRUTH: **"My fantasy is to be with six girls. There's no such thing as too much pussy!"**

RAIANNE

ISSUE: **September '12**
HOMETOWN: **Parkman, Ohio** | OCCUPATION: **Caregiver**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I love to have a good time, I love to show off my tattoos and piercings, and I really don't care if I make a total ass of myself."**

JULIET

ISSUE: **November '06** | HOMETOWN: **Aurora, Illinois**
OCCUPATION: **Real estate agent/Charissa's mother**
NAKED TRUTH: **"How could I tell my daughter not to model nude when I'd been aching to do it since she was born? I'm proud of my lovely girl, even when she takes after me."**

CHARISSA

HOMETOWN: **Aurora, Illinois**
OCCUPATION: **Mother/Juliet's daughter**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I don't think we have anything to be ashamed of, but posing together was out there."**

RHYZZA

ISSUE: **February '09**
HOMETOWN: **Kahului, Hawaii**
OCCUPATION: **Nurse's aide**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I always try to make sex totally unforgettable. My partners are amazed even before their cocks erupt!"**

RAINY

ISSUE: **April '07**
HOMETOWN: **Minneapolis, Minnesota**
OCCUPATION: **Nurse**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I'm kind of a nymphomaniac. I think my husband likes that."**

TIFFANY

ISSUE: **Holiday '07** | HOMETOWN: **Killeen, Texas**
OCCUPATION: **Topless dancer**
NAKED TRUTH: **"My fantasy is having passionate sex till the sun comes up."**

ANASTASIA GAMILA

ISSUE: **May '15** | HOMETOWN: **New York, New York**
OCCUPATION: **Belly dancer/makeup artist**
NAKED TRUTH: **"HUSTLER and Larry Flynt are awesome. Creating a magazine about hot girls and who they are as people is wonderful."**

MORIANNA MORGUE

ISSUE: **December '13** | HOMETOWN: **Fargo, North Dakota**
OCCUPATION: **Horror-flick actress/Juggalette**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I get a buzz wondering if dudes are beating off when they see me naked in *Beaver Hunt*."**

SIMONE

ISSUE: **October '06**
HOMETOWN: **Sipplingen, Germany**
OCCUPATION: **Model**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I love to run around naked and let my imagination run wild."**

MIA

ISSUE: **July '06**

HOMETOWN: **Kapalua, Hawaii**

OCCUPATION: **Aspiring teacher**

NAKED TRUTH: **"I've only been with guys, but I can't wait to be seduced by a girl."**

ISABELLA

ISSUE: **August '09** | HOMETOWN: **Mendocino, California**

OCCUPATION: **Waitress**

NAKED TRUTH: **"I watch TV naked all the time. The pizza guy loves me. I like sucking dick, but to make it fair, I also like to get my pussy licked. Right now I'm really into threesomes with girls."**

MERCEDES

ISSUE: **July '11**

HOMETOWN: **Kaupo, Hawaii**

KAYLA

HOMETOWN: **Pukalani, Hawaii**

NAKED TRUTH: **"I'm usually very submissive, and I love being eaten out."**

EVE

HOMETOWN: **Waipahu, Hawaii**

RAYN

ISSUE: **May '10** | HOMETOWN: **Honolulu, Hawaii**
OCCUPATION: **Singer**
NAKED TRUTH: **"During sex I'm determined to make my partners smile. I also masturbate a lot. I'm always horny."**

KATRINA

ISSUE: **September '09**
HOMETOWN: **Newaygo, Michigan**
OCCUPATION: **Caregiver**
NAKED TRUTH: **"Foreplay is always important before getting down to business."**

ANDI

ISSUE: **August '05** | HOMETOWN: **Beaverton, Oregon**
OCCUPATION: **Medical aide**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I never fantasize. I just live dirty stories. My sex life is extraordinarily active."**

JADE

ISSUE: **Holiday '09**
HOMETOWN: **Fort Worth, Texas**
OCCUPATION: **Waitress**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I like to be the center of attention. I'm very seductive, and I can get whatever I want."**

NORMA JEAN

ISSUE: **December '09**

HOMETOWN:
Lahaina, Hawaii

OCCUPATION:
Aspiring actress

NAKED TRUTH: **"I want to be the next Marilyn Monroe. I'm very flirtatious and occasionally bi. Whatever needs to be done to get me to Hollywood!"**

NATASHA

ISSUE: **Holiday '11** | HOMETOWN: **Federal Way, Washington**
OCCUPATION: **College student**
NAKED TRUTH: **"I used to be a flirty cheerleader, but ditching the sweater, skirt and pom-poms gives people a better reason to cheer."**

TIFFANY

ISSUE: **July '13**
HOMETOWN: **Sunrise, Florida**
OCCUPATION: **Water-park tour guide**
NAKED TRUTH: **"Yes, I'm a big tease and flirt, but at least I don't hide what guys like to look at all the time."**

Back in our December '12 roundup, Tiffany and Natasha stripped down to their birthday suits side by side.

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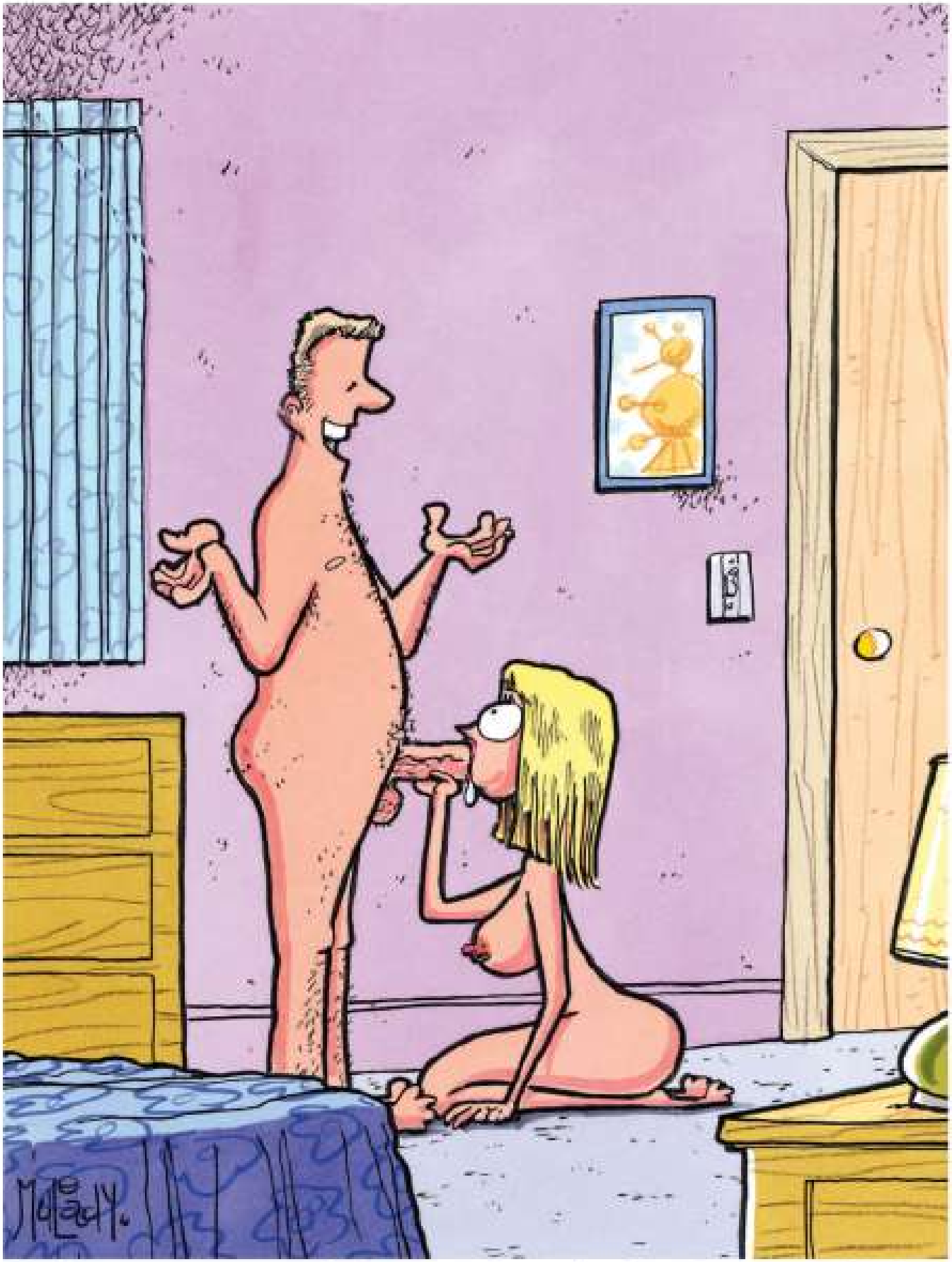

"Goddamn, you're attractive! Then again, what girl with a cock in her mouth isn't?"

THIS AIN'T THE INTERVIEW XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

CHANEL PRESTON
& AJ APPLEGATE

ANYA IVY

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—Larry Flynt

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For information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons responsible for the shooting of Larry C. Flynt on March 6th in the City of Lawrenceville, Georgia.

Contact your local police department with any information or effort to collect this reward.

Signed,
Mrs. Larry C. Flynt

AD PUBLISHED BY ALTHEA FLYNT, SEPTEMBER '78

41ST ANNIVERSARY ALTERNATE COVER, BY JOHN EMSLIE

ANGELA
KAYLANI
ALEXIS
&ANNA
FOUR SCORE
HUSTLER CLASSIC
JUNE 2003
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN

Imagine the possibilities of 12 willing holes. A determined cock could slip in and out of every one, sampling each love port for tightness and feel. Or a guy could pick a slit and pound it, watching the other lonely cock sockets hunger for his dick.

HUSTLER is all about the freedom to choose. Pick Angela, Anna, Kaylani or Alexis. Or just take them all; a man has to have options.

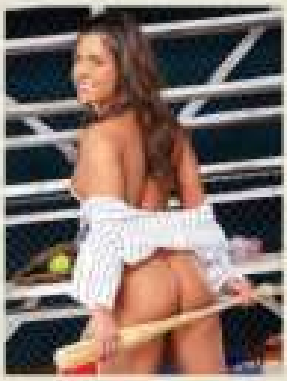
Preview

BARELY LEGAL CHEERLEADER CARWASH

Strip, soak, lather, fuck, rinse and repeat—these spirited pom-pom girls will do anything for a good cause. Any! Fucking! Thing! Rah-rah-raw!

TASTY ARIANA MARIE

Waffle fries, chicken and anal sex—HUSTLER Honey Ariana Marie has a hardcore appetite. Spend the day at Santa Monica Pier with one of our favorite starlets as Ariana dishes on her Chick-fil-A fascination, that time her parents saw her first HUSTLER layout and what it's like to get an Ariana action figure made.



HALL OF SHAME

HUSTLER sportswriter T.S. Farley examines the logic of a baseball Hall of Fame that swings its hallowed doors wide open to drug smugglers, violent offenders and murderers, but refuses to induct record-breakers accused of using performance-enhancing drugs.

PHOTO BY JOHN EMSLIE

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